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Rusting Propellers on Wood Island

Like Martians that once landed in the grass
And liked the view so much they had to stay,
These two propellers stopped to watch time pass—
One half like crusted blood, the other hay—
And blended with surroundings as they stayed.
(Which part is dying grass? Which part is blade?)
They speak to what it means to die, a little
At a time, learning like an animal to settle.

These dropped propellers are a double sign,
Not of machinery and its design,
Or of the way that human beings pause,
Surprised at nature under nature's laws,
Where purpose bends with grasses in the wind,
But of the way we hunker where we land.